

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. XI.

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NO. 9.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

(Continued.)

THE Art Memorial Gallery, of which we gave an illustration in our last number, is built of granite, and is intended to be permanent. It covers an area of an acre and a half, a little larger space than that of one of our large city lots. Besides this, another edifice is added, which will only be temporary. This is to accommodate the unexpectedly large number of pictures sent. France has sent seven hundred pictures, and other countries in proportion. It is said the collection of paintings and statuary will far exceed in magnitude and importance that at Vienna.

The works of art sent from Pope Pius consist of two Madonnas in mosaic, one of Raphael, the other of Tassoferato; also two vases of flowers, likewise in mosaic, prepared in the Vatican establishment; a St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr, in tapestry, which the artist, Sig. Gentili, has been able to execute in the Vatican.

The glass dome of the Art Gallery will be lighted by 2,000 gas jets. The dome is 255 feet above the level of the Schuylkill, and will be visible at night all over Philadelphia.

The Agricultural Hall will occupy an area of ten acres; the Horticultural Hall and grounds over forty acres. Here will be farm products and everything relating to farming; with trees, plants and flowers from every part of the habitable globe. This will probably be the most attractive feature of this great world's fair, so far as Americans are concerned. Great good must result from this part of the exhibition. Already a large collection of valuable native plants has been brought together, among which may be mentioned, four hundred trees, comprising evergreens and saplings, and representing the most important wood growth of Oregon, that have been planted within the horticultural area.

The main Horticultural Hall is nearly filled with tropical plants which are kept in the forcing houses during the winter.

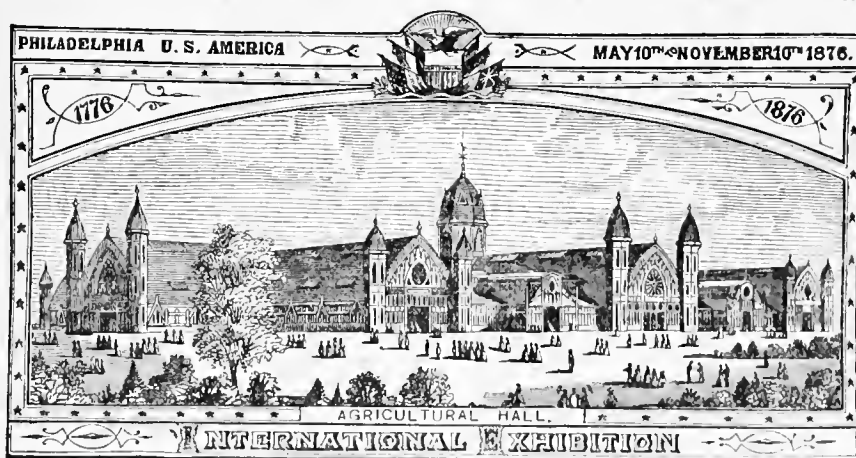
The effect of the grouping of the many rare and beautiful plants as contrasted with the florid decoration of the walls and ceiling, is very rich and attractive.

An interesting feature will be the display of tropical plants from Jules Lachaux's acclimatization gardens, Havana, Cuba. In the large collection there are some fine specimens of palms, such as sago, latonia or fan, triox, cocoanut, date and royal palms, eight or twelve feet high; also small ones, including agaves, cactus, and a general assortment of plants from the tropics. Forty cycus revolute, or sago palm, four to ten feet high, are included in the collection.

Of course amid all this grand display some things will be more attractive to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR than others:

these will be published so as to convey as good an idea as possible of the great Centennial Exhibition of 1876. We may look upon this event as one of the most important in the history of this country; in the efforts that are being made more will be done to develop the interests of this country, and let us hope, of

humanity than in any previous period of the world's history.



TRUTH.—How beautiful is truth! In this world where there is so much falsehood and deceit, whereby hearts are estranged, and recriminations, assaults and crimes engendered—how beautiful are the true thought, word and deed. Like the sun smiling out amid the angry storm—like the bright star shining through the heavy night cloud—like friend clasping the hand of friend—like right rebutting wrong—like the lance of virtue ringing on the shield of vice—like heaven upon earth, and God in man, is Truth! Precious and priceless. Dearer than smile of friend, love of parent, or pomp or fame. Truth is bold, noble, and God-given, beyond every other attribute of the soul.

Old America.

BY G. M. O.

ANCIENT PERU.

(Continued.)

SITUATED in the north-western part of Peru, near the city of Truxillo, are the ruins known as the "Palaces of Gran-Chimu." Here, before and during the reigns of the first Incas, lived an independent people, and once the richest and most powerful principality that existed in Peru. According to Montesinos, they were subjugated by the grandfather of Huayna-Capac, about one hundred years before the arrival of the Spaniards. To Mariano Rivera, the director of the National Museum at Lima, we are chiefly indebted for a description of these ruins. Without including the numerous walled squares found on every side, they cover a space of three quarters of a league, and the principal objects of interest are the remains of two large edifices called the "palaces." "These palaces are immense areas surrounded by high walls of brick, the walls being now ten or twelve yards high and six feet thick at the base." Surrounding each palace there is another wall exterior to this. Within the palace walls are the remains of squares and dwellings with narrow passages between them, which are decorated. The remains of a large reservoir for water, which was brought to it by subterranean aqueducts from the river Moche, two miles distant, are in the largest palace. That the city contained a great population is indicated by the remains of a vast number of buildings situated outside of the inclosures. "The Spaniards took vast quantities of gold from the 'huacas,' or tombs, at this place. The amount taken from a single tomb in the years 1566 and 1592 was officially estimated at nearly a million dollars." Mr. Squires says there was taken from one tomb in the year 1577, \$5,000,000.

At Cuelap, in northern Peru, remarkable ruins exist. "They consist of a wall of wrought stones, three thousand six hundred feet long, five hundred and sixty broad, and one hundred and fifty high, constituting a solid mass with a level summit." The interior probably was composed of earth. "On this mass was another, six hundred feet long, five hundred broad, and one hundred and fifty feet high. In this, and also in the lower structure, there are many rooms made of wrought stone, in which are a great number of niches or cells, one or two yards deep, which were used for tombs. Other old structures exist in that neighborhood." (Ancient America, 239)

Farther south are the ruins of old Huamaco. Here are two peculiar edifices and a terrace, and the remains of a large town. The edifices are built of a composition of pebbles and clay, faced with hewn stone. One of the buildings is called the "Lookout." This is an oblong structure, pyramidal in shape, with a long incline leading to the top. The interior of the other is crossed by six walls, in each of which is a gateway. The outer one is highly finished, and shows a sculptured animal on each of the upper corners. It has a large court and rooms made of cut stones. A well built aqueduct was connected with this building.

Near Chavin de Huanta are ruins which are very old. From the interior of one of the great buildings there is a subterranean passage, which, it is said, goes under the river to the opposite bank. The material used in the construction of these buildings is similar to that seen at old Huamaco.

Cieza de Leon describes the remains of large and remarkable ruins seen by him near Huamanga. These ruins are considered to be very ancient, and the native traditions said this city was built by *bearded white men, who came there long before the time of the Incas, and established a settlement.* Twenty miles from Lima near the sea are the extensive and dilapidated ruins of a great city, which was built chiefly of adobes. It is called Pachacamac. "Among the vast remains of antiquity scattered along the coast of Peru, which antedate the civilization of the Incas, and were old when the Inca empire was founded, the most celebrated, if not the grandest, are those of Pachacamac, twenty miles to the south of Lima. They take their name from the divinity Pacha-camac, signifying 'Creator of the World,' who had here a vast temple or shrine of such sanctity that it was resorted to by pilgrims from the most distant tribes, who were permitted to pass unmolested through the countries or tribes with whom they might be at war, to perform this act of devotion. In fact this spot was the Mecca of South America; and the worship of Pachacamac had such a hold on all the peoples of the coast that the politic Incas did not undertake to overthrow it, but cautiously sought to undermine it by building close to the chief temple of Pachacamac a 'sumptuous structure,' as the early Spaniards describe it, dedicated to the sun. Both structures are still distinct and impressive, although in great decay. Around both, the ancient and the modern temple, there gradually sprang up a large town, occupied by priests and servitors, and containing tambos, or inns, for the pilgrims who flocked thither. This town was built on a high, arid plain, overlooking the valley and river of Lurin, and was several miles in circumference enclosed by a heavy wall of indurated clay and sundried bricks.

The desert intervening between the valley of Lurin and that of Rimac, in which the city of Lima stands, has encroached on the old city, and buried a large part of it, with a portion of its walls, under the drifting sands. Nothing can exceed the bare and desolate aspect of the ruins, which are as still and lifeless as those of Palmyra of the desert. No living thing is to be seen, except, perhaps, a solitary condor circling above the crumbling temple, nor a sound heard, except the pulsations of the great Pacific breaking at the foot of the eminence on which the temple stood. It is a place of death, not alone in its silence and sterility, but as the burial place of tens of thousands of the ancient dead. Of old, as now, the devotees of religion sought to draw their last breath in places sanctified by the shrines of their divinities, and to be buried near them. In all times the tomb and the temple have been inseparable, and it is only in great cities that the shadow of the church no longer falls on the graves of the departed. In Pachacamac the ground around the temple seems to have been a vast cemetery. Dig almost anywhere in the dry, nitrous sand, and you will come upon what are loosely called mummies, but what are really the desicated bodies of the ancient dead; dig deeper and you will probably find a second stratum of ghastly relics of poor humanity, and deeper still a third, showing how great was the concourse of the people in Pachacamac, and how eager the desire to find a resting place in consecrated ground. Most of the mummies are found in little vaults or chambers of adobes, roofed with sticks or canes and a layer of rushes, and of a size to contain one to four or five bodies. These are invariably placed in a sitting posture, with the head resting on the knees, around which the arms are clasped, or with the head resting on the out-stretched palms and the elbows on the knees, enveloped in wrappings of various kinds, according to the rank or wealth of the defunct. Sometimes they are enveloped in inner wrappings of fine cotton cloth, and there are

blankets of various colors and designs made from the wool of the vicuña and alpaca, with ornaments of gold and silver on the corpse, and vases of elegant design by its side." (Squires.)

Ruins of towns, fortresses and tombs are found all about the country. It is noticeable that the ancient Peruvians made large use of aqueducts which they built with great skill, using hewn stones and cement and making them very substantial. Some of these aqueducts are still in use. They were used to supply cities and to irrigate the cultivated lands. Some of them were very long; one that is mentioned being 150 miles long, and another extended 450 miles, across mountains and over rivers from south to north. Nothing is more remarkable in Peru than the public roads. "No ancient people have left traces of works more astonishing than these: so vast was their extent, and so great the skill and labor required to construct them." One of these roads extended from Quito to Chili, crossing mountains and rivers. From Cuzco it continued to the coast, and northward to the equator. "Extending from one degree north of Quito to Cuzco, and from Cuzco to Chili, it was quite as long as the two Pacific railroads, and its wild route among the mountains was far more difficult." (Baldwin.)

These roads were built on beds or deep foundations of masonry and varied from twenty to twenty-five feet in width. They were made smooth and level by paving, and in some places macadamized with pulverized stone mixed with lime and a bituminous cement. On each side of the roadway was "a very strong wall more than a fathom in thickness." In many places the great road cut through rock for miles; great ravines were filled up with solid masonry. Rivers were crossed by means of a peculiar kind of suspension bridge; in fact, the builders stopped at no obstruction. "None of the Roman roads I have seen in Italy, in the south of France, or in Spain appear to me more imposing than this work of the ancient Peruvians." (Humboldt.)

Along these roads, at equal distances, were edifices built of hewn stone for the accommodation of travelers. They are called "roads of the Incas" but were evidently built long before the Inca supremacy. The great road was an old road during the reign of Huayna Capac; he, finding it out of repair, ordered the necessary repairs. Huayna Capac restored and completed these roads, but he did not build them as some pretend. (Gomara.)

Now only broken remains of them exist to show their true form of character.

ICELAND.

Far away, on the very confines of the Arctic zone, there is an island which has for a long time attracted but little attention. Its place among the nations was once conspicuous; but its climate was then different from now, and its soil more productive. The whole aspect of the island was, indeed, unlike what it is today. A thousand years ago, when first discovered, it possessed extensive forests, which have since disappeared.

The Northmen migrated thither in considerable numbers from Norway, Denmark, Sweden, the Faroe Islands, and the Hebrides; but principally from Norway, whence they fled from the tyranny of their kings. It was, indeed, a refuge to the persecuted subjects of Harald Harfager—he of the fair hair—who made a vow, and kept it, that his hair should never be cut until he had broken the power of the Jarls, and concentrated the authority which they had wielded in his own hands. Too feeble to make further resistance, and too proud to remain after their subjugation, they fled with their families and followers to

this island. They took with them cattle and sheep, and large herds and flocks were soon reared upon the rich and abundant pastures of the extensive meadows.

The island produced everything necessary to satisfy their needs. Its lakes and rivers abounded with various kinds of fish; waterfowl and game were plentiful. They imported horses, constructed roads, and extended their facilities for intercommunication. At an early day they had established a considerable trade with the ports of Europe. They founded a republican form of government and a literature. They recorded, with Runic characters, the Sagas of their ancestors, and gave form to the Norse religion.

Iceland's peculiar climate lends to it a special interest. In summer the sun scarcely leaves the heavens, and the atmosphere becomes surprisingly warm. Vegetation is of rapid growth, and is in places extremely vigorous. In winter the sun gives but little light and less heat. Constant cold succeeds constant warmth, and the trembling hues of the aurora-borealis, and the weird brightness of the moon, guide the footsteps of the traveler.

It was first discovered by Naddodhr, a Norwegian viking, in the year 860. He saw its lofty mountains covered with eternal snow, and called it the Snow Land. Garthr, a Swede, circumnavigated it four years later; and in 867 Flokki, summoned the Raven, on account of the birds he turned loose to guide his course, surveyed the southern part of it, and called it Iceland. Then Ingolf and Hjordietar landed there in 870 and began its colonization. This was at the time Harald the Fair-haired was persecuting the Jarls. The great migration then began. On the 2nd of August, 874, the colonists assembled themselves together, and founded the republic—the first of Northern Europe—whose descendants celebrated two years ago their thousandth anniversary.

They have gone through those thousand years without material change. Their language is unchangeable, their laws are intact, and, except in their warlike disposition, their habits scarcely differ. From warriors, who tilled the soil, and caught fish, and captured game in the intervals of their more hardy pursuits, they have gradually become a pastoral people, educated, hospitable, and kind. They have sometimes changed their relation with the country of their origin, but neither their customs nor their character.

Although practically a free republic from the first, they were not wholly free from dependence upon Norway. No formal recognition of any real allegiance was, however, made until 1261, which was by a decree of Althing, or general parliament of the people, when Hakon was the Norwegian king. But no tribute was exacted, and the Icelanders were allowed to hold civil offices and acquire honors in the parent country. In 1380 the Crown of Norway was annexed to Denmark, and from that time to the present the silken bond which had held Iceland to Norway has still held it to Denmark. The Danish King now grants them an absolutely free constitution, which absolves them from their feeble allegiance.

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it; to study the world is better than to shun it; to use the world is better than to abuse it; to make the world better, lovelier, and happier is the highest work of man.

We should practice temperance, if it were for nothing else but the very pleasure of it; it is the glory of a man that hath abundance, to live as reason, not as appetite directs.

Stories About Utah.

BY J. L. BARFOOT.

FOR many years attention has been paid to our valleys by naturalists with a view to understanding the kind of animals and plants indigenous to this central region of North America. Many books have been and still are being published descriptive of these things, so that the world, and we in common with others of our race, may know everything of interest relating to the natural history of these Rocky Mountains and valleys. And everything that lives is of interest to the naturalist; not only the larger animals, but also the smallest insect; not only the giant trees of the forest, but the tiniest weed of the prairie. We may judge of the importance of these things by the signs of the times, as shown by our daily papers, in which persons thousands of miles away are advertizing for our butterflies. Others are applying for our beetles; others for our flies; others, and a great many too, for our "grasshoppers." Some persons come here, and that at great expense, to collect for themselves. Not but what we have competent collectors among us, and thousands of others who can make themselves competent.

Now every one may not become competent to set up or preserve specimens of our beautiful birds, for, to become a taxidermist much instruction and practice and considerable outlay is necessary; but there is little difficulty in the way of preserving butterflies and other insects. Pins are necessary, and small pieces of cork to pin the insects on; also camphor to keep away destructive insects. Destructive insects! Then are there such? Yes; and we ought to be able to distinguish among insects those which are destructive.

Well, then, suppose we have captured a butterfly or moth, let us be sure and not mutilate it; these insects are covered with minute scales which are easily broken off. Well preserved butterflies are always beautiful, even when merely grouped together artistically, instead of being scientifically arranged. If beetles are captured they may be put in bottles containing spirit or pinned in small boxes. If beetles or bugs are put into bottles they should not be crowded; neither should delicate specimens be mixed with spiny or hard varieties. Grasshoppers may be pinned, or preserved in spirit, or in strong salt and water. Thousands of bushyds of the "hateful grasshoppers" that visited our city a few years ago were drowned in our Great Salt Lake, and drifted over to the western shores, where they are well preserved. As it is intended to say more in the INSTRUCTOR about our insects, a little attention may be paid to our "horned toads" and lizards.

But little, comparatively, is known about these harmless and interesting creatures. Who would believe it! Some little boys lately were actually tying a string to a "horned frog" and swinging it about for amusement! Of course, the tail came off; but how thoughtless, to say the least. These lowly creatures, frogs and toads, are useful to man, and they should be preserved, even were they injurious, they should not be tortured.

In reality, the frogs and toads belong to a different family to the "horned toads," although all reptiles which resemble frogs are called "batrachians." The family of *anura* contains the frogs (*rana*) and tree-frogs (*hyla*); toads (*bufo*) and pipers, hideous looking creatures, not known here. Frogs live upon

insects, flies and aquatic larvæ; tree frogs live upon insects destructive to vegetation; toads devour multitudes of insects and worms. The "horned toads" and "horned frogs" of this valley are reptiles, of which we have a variety.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

BY C. R. SAVAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

ON arriving at the abode of our charitable friend, he told his dear old wife to get us something to eat, and made up a roaring fire, over which was swung the old iron pot, brim full of bacon and greens. No fire ever seemed so welcome to us before, and indeed, the hearty manner in which he gave us shelter was new to us. Everywhere that we had been before, the people had treated us with distrust, as though "thief" had been written on our foreheads. But here was a case where the proprietor took in the situation, and, I presume, judged us rightly, for, in the course of our conversation, he said he had a boy that had gone "for a sojer," in other words, enlisted in the regular army, and was away in some foreign port. The old lady asked us about twenty questions concerning our genealogy, but after we had mentioned the names of relatives in the village we were bound for, her mind was set at rest concerning us.

The cottage that sheltered us was one of the old-fashioned sort, with a thatch of straw fifteen inches thick, and trimmed very neatly at the eaves. The windows were of the old style, with leaden sash and diamond-shaped glass. Sweet briar and wild roses were trained around, and the quaint old porch completed the picture of the exterior. In doors, everything was as clean and neat as a new pin. All the tins and platters were polished like lamp reflectors. The old family bible lay on the chest of drawers that no doubt was purchased when they got married, forty or fifty years before.

I shall never forget nor cease to thank the good old shepherd for his kind advice the next morning when we left his hospitable roof: he said, "Boys, when you think you have no friends, always remember that the God who cares for the sparrows will not forget you." His old wife gave us some bread and butter, and wished us good luck.

How many times in the experience of mankind does it seem that though all the world frown upon us, the overruling power of the Almighty will control circumstances for our ultimate good. How different was the influence of a christian home upon the runaways to that of the "Travelers' Joy." Peace, love, kindness, charity and true humanity are the characteristics of a true christian heart; while the reverse is ever the case with the person that scoffs at the controlling power of our Father in Heaven.

The road to Clanfield presented nothing new or interesting; the only difference in our feeling was that we felt better and more hopeful; but still we had some misgivings as to how my relatives would treat us, for Tom had no claim upon them, and I had but little.

When we presented ourselves at my uncle's door we were very closely cross-examined, and I concluded to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—that we had run away, and all about it, omitting, however, our experience with the tramp and a few other minor circumstances.

My esteemed uncle was a zealous "ranting" Methodist, as they are called in England, and during the evening he lectured

us on the sinfulness of doing wrong. About eight o'clock he said there would be a prayer meeting in a little chapel (that he had built at his own expense) in the village, and requested us to go there.

About forty or fifty persons were there, all with grave and sedate looks; it seemed impossible for them to smile. An elderly gentleman gave out the hymn, two lines at a time, and the whole congregation sang at the top of their voices: "Jesus, my all, to heaven has gone." Then followed a hearty prayer, with a dozen different loud amens from persons in the audience. Different persons prayed, both men and women, and singing was occasionally indulged in. My uncle's wife prayed for us—that God would pierce our hearts and forgive our sins—and from this circumstance I concluded that she had told her friends about us, which accounted for our being the "observed of all observers."

During the meeting some of the local preachers walked around among the audience, calling upon all that wanted to be saved to go up to the penitent form, and he prayed for; but none went forward, not even the wicked runaways. I was much impressed with the earnestness of manner and the apparent sincerity of the worshipers; but the old shepherd's words had sunk deeper into my heart than all their supplications in our behalf.

I thought it was hardly fair for my kind uncle to make a target of us for the whole audience, and I formed a deep resolve to run away again, and this time to return to my father's roof.

When we had got to bed, after some more advice, I told Tom what I intended to do, and he was delighted. We had got religion enough for one night, and I could hardly think of trying another night under the roof of such considerate relatives.

We got some breakfast early, and when my uncle had gone to the fields to work, we quietly got our little wardrobe together and left by the back track for home.

We concluded to try another road to return, and in another drenching rain walked eight or ten miles before we got anything to eat, this time on the old plan. We were once more reduced to the necessity of singing and begging for food to sustain life, and we were as watched and miserable as we could be. The thought of accomplishing our cherished project of becoming wealthy helped us on in our first experience; but now, with failure before us, we were like a defeated army, without hope and aim. Then there was the dread of the parental eye, and what our folks and the neighbors might say to us, and, lastly, the taunts of our former playmates.

We got terribly frightened in one place. A burly farmer undertook to take us to the lockup for chicken thieves, and such crying and bellowing as we performed, would have amused a big audience, had it not been genuine. But the old fellow finally let us go by promising us that if he caught us in the neighborhood again, he really would lock us up.

During the time occupied in our return, our experience was of the most trying character; our bill of fare was turnips or anything we could find in the fields, except when we chanced to meet a charitably disposed person who provided us with something better.

As we neared home we felt worse and worse, and the true nature of the wrong we had committed came upon us in full force. The fault was, we had started on a wrong basis to do something that under ordinary circumstances was right to do to better our condition. There is a right time for all such moves, but our time had not come. It takes advice, persever-

ance, integrity and the assistance of friends to be successful: we had discarded them all, hence our failure.

* * * * *

It was late one evening when a ragged little boy crept into his home. His mother had gone to bed. His father met him with the remark: "Well, boy, have you found any better place than home?" "No, father," was the reply. "Well, then, go to bed," was all he said.

Tom's father gave him a sound thrashing. A few days afterwards he ran away again, went to sea, and never again returned.

Boys, if you have ever thought of deserting your home and the care of a kind father and mother, take better advice, and don't do it.

THE END.

TWINS.

THE Count de Ligniville, and Count D'Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait and deportment were the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both captains of light-horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count D'Autricourt having committed some offense, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment, where he put his night-gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and tucking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but to his great astonishment he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. While they were endeavoring to recall him to life, Count D'Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligniville, who was half-shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that existed between the brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound the other felt pain; and this was the case with every misfortune that befell them, so that on that account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both had often the same dreams. The day that Count D'Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was near sinking under it.

PAIN, may sometimes be a useful spring board to the aspiring soul, but it is much more frequently a destructive stumbling block.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1876.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



ONE great cause of surprise among children, and very frequently among grown people also, is the hatred which the world has against the Latter-day Saints and their principles. Many cannot understand why this should be so. They know that their parents and their friends are not wicked, and that the teachings which they hear and the doctrines which the Latter-day Saints believe are good and according to the Bible, and yet they are called all kinds of bad names and are hated by very many. This seems strange to them. Children generally love goodness; they admire people who do right; and they think every body else should do the same. Why, therefore, they ask, do people dislike the 'Mormons,' who are so kind, so truthful, so honest and so willing always to do everything that is good? Almost every grown person has thought, when he or she first heard the Elders preach the gospel and believed it, that all that had to be done to convert his or her relatives and friends to the truth was to tell it to them and show them the proofs from the Bible. But alas! for such hopes. In too many instances such persons have found that their friends were not so willing to believe as they thought they would be. In fact very frequently the ones whom they thought would gladly receive the doctrines and rejoice in them, (as the man of whom the Savior speaks who found a pearl of great price) have become most bitter persecutors of the Church. After a little experience they have learned that there are only a few here and there who are willing to receive the truth for the truth's sake.

If children will think a little, they need not be surprised that the Latter-day Saints are not liked by the world. How was it with Jesus, our Lord and Savior, when he was upon the earth? He was holy, pure and good. He was the Son of God. He did many mighty miracles. His whole life was full of acts that proved he was a personage whom men ought to reverence and obey. Yet who believed him, who received his teachings, who did as he told them and became his friends? Did all the people? Oh, no. The rich, the learned, the upper classes of society, all despised him. They would not have him to be their guide or teacher. He was their Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, the Messiah of whom their prophets had spoken; but they called him Beelzebub. They said he had a devil. They also said he was a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. They tried to entrap him. They told lies about him, accused him falsely, and, finally, crucified him as a person too vile to live.

Who did receive his teachings? Who believed he had the words of eternal life? Why, a few poor fishermen and other poor men and women. They became his followers and disciples. He organized them into a church. He gave them the priesthood, the authority to perform the ordinances necessary for the salvation of the people. These poor people were pure in their lives; they taught the truth; they desired righteousness

and the good and salvation of the people. God loved them. But did the world receive them? By no means. The Lord Jesus had told them how it would be with them. He said to them: "And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." Also, he said, "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Another time he told them that: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." And again he said: "yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." He taught them that: "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake." But he added, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."

You may know how true his words concerning them were by reading the history of his apostles. And it is the same in this day. The Latter-day Saints are not of the world; they have been chosen out of the world. The devil, therefore, hates them. Those who are under his influence hate them also. When you know this, you need not be surprised that the Latter-day Saints have enemies, and that their doctrines are not popular. If the wicked world loved us, we would have good cause to fear; for it always loved the false prophets and hated and killed the true ones. And the Savior said: "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." Satan will fight the kingdom and people of God as long as he can find people on the earth who will be led by him. He knows that if the gospel were to be received by all the people, he would have no power or foothold upon the earth. Every heart would be closed against him. Hence, you can see that he will make a desperate struggle. He will use all manner of slanders, and get his servants to circulate them so as to stir up the people against the Saints.

You have heard, doubtless, about men going to Washington City to persuade Congress to pass laws against the Saints. This is part of Satan's plan. He would like to get us into bondage and to destroy us. He prompts his servants to try and get Congress to give them the power to do this. All manner of lies are told about the Latter-day Saints to awaken animosity and hatred against them. He will continue to pursue this course until he is thoroughly beaten. Will he be beaten? Certainly he will, and he will be bound so that he cannot have power on the earth for one thousand years. This will be the result of this struggle which is now going on. So we can all rejoice in the prospect before us. If the Saints will only do right, they will come off victors all the time.

TRIFLES—The world is made up of trifles. The grand movements of great events, and the changes of empires, are founded in causes, very generally, which would be pronounced trifles by the world. Yes, "trifles light as air" have led to some of the most important discoveries we have. The fall of an apple gave Newton the clue to gravitation; the rising up of the lid of a tea-kettle gave us our railroads, steamboats, ocean steamers, and a thousand other things, not to speak of the press—that, combined, put the world centuries ahead in the mysteries of the universe and the purposes of God. To the observation of a flower dimly pictured on a stone, we owe the philosophical researches in chemistry and light which ultimately gave us the daguerreotype.

Idleness travels very slow, and poverty soon overtakes her.

CRY-BABY JOE.

YOUNG readers allow us to introduce to you "Cry-Baby Joe." Perhaps some of you are already acquainted with him, or some person resembling him. If not, we can scarcely recommend him to you as a pleasant or agreeable person to cultivate an acquaintance with.

he stubs his toe real badly, and the tears force themselves out in spite of his setting his teeth, and clenching his fists, and trying to keep them back; for that we could endure, knowing that there would be an end to it when the pain ceased. But when Joe cries he makes a business of it. He does it with a zest, as if it were the greatest pleasure of his life. He does it with a dogged persistence, too, which if exerted in some laud-



He is as whimsical, selfish and tyrannical as if he owned the whole world, and all the people in it were his vassals, whose only duty consisted in catering for his pleasure. If anything is denied him that he asks for, or he is crossed in the slightest degree in any of his whims, he immediately flies into a passion and storms and cries until he gains his point. His tyranny and petulance might be learnable if it were not for his intolerable habit of crying—'cry-like, unreasonable crying.' Not the kind of crying that a brave, manly little fellow indulges in when

able direction would certainly win for him some other and more honorable name than that of "Cry-Baby." He cries if he falls down; he cries if he breaks one of his toys; he cries if he is asked to do anything; he cries when he has his face washed and his hair combed, and he cries often without any apparent reason or purpose except it is to elicit sympathy. Poor silly boy! if he only understood human nature sufficiently he would know that people generally admire brave and manly traits in little boys, and have very little sympathy to bestow upon "cry

babies." He would know that even his playmates will learn to despise him for his peevishness; and that, although his indulgent parents supply him with more toys and means for enjoyment than all the rest of the neighbors' boys together have, he can never become popular among them, nor have his society sought.

Joe will perhaps learn as he grows older that if he would be happy himself he must seek to make others happy; that if he wishes others to love him, and take pleasure in obliging him, he must be cheerful and obliging himself; that if he wishes friends, he must make them. When he has learned this we will no longer say of him:

I know a boy—I hope you don't.
He is not nice to know—
Who frets and grumbles all the day;
Some call him "whimpering Joe!"
He always vows things "are a shame!"
And if a toy should break,
The great cry-baby loudly roars,
And a disturbance makes.
He is a lad with tousled hair,
And ill-used looking face;
When he comes near I turn away,
And leave him all the place.
I'm truly sorry for poor Joe,
But this truth all must learn—
That love is won by smiles and love,
Not tears at every turn.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

WHEN the professors of religion in the neighborhood where Joseph lived heard that he had had a vision, they felt as the preacher did, which we described in the last number—they persecuted him and did all in their power to injure him. Those who were most active in this business in the beginning were people who called themselves religious; but all classes joined in the persecution. Joseph was then only between fourteen and fifteen years old. Being a poor boy, and having to work for his living, he was not considered very important; yet, after it became known that he had seen a vision, men in high standing tried to excite the public mind against him, to make the people hate and persecute him! And all this because he told the people that the Lord had spoken! This was a very strange course for men to take, was it not?

Our little readers, not having had much experience in the world, will scarcely be able to understand how men could be so cruel and wicked. They think that they would never be guilty of persecuting and hating a boy because he loved God and prayed to Him, and had his prayers answered. My little folks, in your innocence and simplicity, brought up to have faith in God, you cannot tell anything about the hearts and feelings of the people by your own hearts and feelings. You would not help kill the prophets and men of God, of whom the Bible gives us an account. You would not mock and ill treat and crucify the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, were He now on the earth. None of you would be so base as to commit acts so desperately wicked as these, yet men have lived who have done

these things. Jesus was killed by men; and a very great number of good, holy servants of God were killed before He was born on the earth, and also since His death. And those who tried to damage Joseph were bad men—men who hated God and the truth—and they cared but very little about what they did, so they could gain their wicked ends and the praise of the world.

These persecutions had the effect to drive Joseph away from the society of those whom he had been taught to look up to, and who really ought to have been his friends; and as he had been forbidden to join any of the churches then on the earth, he stood alone. Being young and inexperienced he fell into youthful foibles, for which he frequently felt condemned and very sorry. One evening—the 21st of September, 1823—when he was seventeen years old, after he had retired to bed, he was led to pray to the Lord for the forgiveness of his sins and follies, and also for the Lord to send him some kind messenger who could tell him of his acceptance with the Lord, and also give him knowledge about the principles of the gospel.

Joseph had all confidence that the Lord would hear and grant him his prayer. When he had sought the Lord the first time, he went to Him in faith; but now he could go to Him with something more than faith; he *knew* that God would hear and answer his prayer, if he would ask aright.

While he was thus praying unto the Lord, he discovered a light appearing in the room. The light continued to increase until the room was lighter than it could have been made by the sun in the middle of the day. It seemed at first, as though the room was filled with fire. Immediately after he saw the light, a personage appeared at his bedside. The feet of this personage did not touch the floor; but he stood in the air. He had on a robe of most extraordinary whiteness—so exceedingly white and brilliant that it was beyond anything earthly he had ever seen or that could be made by man. The hands and arms a little above the wrists of this heavenly being were naked, also his feet, and his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. Though the room was exceedingly light, there was a still brighter light or glory close around this being, and his whole person was glorious beyond the power of man to describe. He was a little above the common size of men who live now, and his countenance was like lightning, yet it was very pleasing and innocent. When Joseph first looked upon him, he was afraid; but the fear soon left him and he was filled with calmness and joy.

He called Joseph by name, and told him that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to him. He also said to him that his prayers were heard and his sins were forgiven, and that the time was at hand for the gospel, in its fullness, to be revealed and preached in power unto all nations, that a people might be prepared for the second coming of Jesus. He said that Joseph was called and chosen, and God had a work for him to do, and that his name should be spoken about for good and evil among all the nations and people of the earth. He told him there was a book buried in the ground which was written upon gold plates. This book gave an account of the people who lived in former days upon this continent, and who they were. The principal nation of which the book gave a history was of the family of Jacob, who is also called Israel: the Indians are the children of that people.

This book also contained the fullness of the everlasting gospel, as delivered by Jesus to the people of this continent. The messenger also said that, buried with the plates, were two stones in two silver bows, and these stones, fastened to a breastplate, were called by the people who lived in old times, the Urim and Thummim. The men who possessed and used these stones

were called seers in former days, and God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book from the language in which it was written into English.

He then quoted a great many prophecies, which are written in the Bible, to Joseph, and explained them to him. After which he told Joseph that the time had not arrived for him to obtain those plates; but when he did get them, he must not show them, nor the breastplate with the Urim and Thummim, to any person, except the Lord commanded him to do so; and if he did so, without being commanded, he should be destroyed.

(To be Continued.)

ARMADILLOS.

AMONG the many other curious animals of South America are the armadillos, a small but distinct family, intermediate between the sloths and anteaters. These creatures are distinguished by the possession of molar teeth only; but they have also a more noticeable if less scientific peculiarity, in their remarkable coat of armor, by which their bodies are protected. This armor is composed, in all the species, of three bony bucklers, all made up of small angular plates set in juxtaposition with each other, but not connected by joints or separately movable, so as to form a kind of mosaic pavement.

The shoulders of the animal are protected by a stiff buckler, composed, as it were, of a single piece; and these bucklers are connected by a number of movable bands formed by plates similar to those of the principal bucklers, which are themselves connected by the soft and pliant inner skin, and thus rendered so pliable as to admit of the most rapid and varied motions. The helmet-like piece which protects the head of the armadillo is perfectly independent of the armor of the shoulders, so that the neck is left free while at the same time it is completely defended by the projection of the skull piece, which protects the nape exactly like the same piece of an ancient helmet of the middle ages. In fact, the whole arrangement of the defenses of the singular creature has so marked a resemblance to those of the man-at-arms of the fourteenth century, that were it not a native of a continent unknown to the armorers, one would scarcely doubt that the animal had furnished a model to the man, as regards shaping defensive armor.

The legs of the armadillo are very short and stout, covered with scaly plates, armed with powerful claws for burrowing in the ground, beneath which they make their habitations, and guarded to the knees by the protective bucklers. Except in a single species, the armadillos are nearly devoid of hair. The tail is armed with ring-like bands. The teeth are cylindrical, varying from seven or eight to seventeen or eighteen in number, on each side of each jaw, and are so arranged, with spaces between them, that when the mouth is closed they shut one into the other, like those of a steel trap. Their eyes are small, their ears erect and pointed, and they have elongated snouts like those of the hog or ground-mole, to enable them to turn the earth in search for roots and worms, which constitute a portion of their food. They are usually nocturnal in their habits.

PROFANITY never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined and abominable to the good.

GENUINE politeness, like everything else genuine, comes from the heart.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

LESSON CVL.

Q.—How was Samuel received by the people?

A.—They would not listen to him but drove him out of the city.

Q.—What did he then do?

A.—He got up on the wall of the city and there prophesied unto the people.

Q.—What was the nature of his prophecy?

A.—He warned the people of their destruction unless they repented.

Q.—What length of time did he set as the limit to their existence unless they did repent?

A.—Four hundred years.

Q.—In conclusion, what did Samuel say?

A.—That in five years from that time Jesus Christ would come into the world.

Q.—How were the people to know when He had come?

A.—Samuel told them that the night before Jesus was born should not be dark, but be as light as day.

Q.—What did Samuel tell them should be a sign of the death of Jesus?

A.—There should be no light for three days, until He arose from the dead.

Q.—How were many of the people affected at hearing Samuel speak thus?

A.—They believed him, and went to Nephi to be baptized.

Q.—What did the larger part of the people do?

A.—They hardened their hearts and sought to kill Samuel with stones and arrows.

ON THE BIBLE.

Q.—How did Jonathan act when Saul told him to kill David?

A.—He delighted in David and told him to hide himself in some secret place.

Q.—For how long?

A.—Until the morning.

Q.—What did Jonathan do?

A.—He spake good of David unto Saul his father, and besought him not to "sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause."

Q.—How then did Saul act?

A.—He "hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan, and Saul swore, as the Lord liveth he should not be slain."

Q.—After Jonathan showed all those things to David, what did he do?

A.—He "brought David to Saul and he was in his presence, as in times past."

Q.—What occurred after this?

A.—There was war again.

Q.—What did David do?

A.—He "went out and fought with the Philistines, and slew them with a slaughter, and they fled from him."

Q.—What occurred as David was playing the harp in Saul's house?

A.—Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin.

Q.—What did David do?

A.—He slipped away from Saul's presence and fled, and escaped that night.

Q.—What did Saul do?

A.—He "sent messengers unto David's house, to watch him and to slay him in the morning."

Q.—What did Michal do?

A.—She "let David down through a window; and he went, and fled and escaped."

THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

From Chambers' Miscellany.

(Concluded.)

AFTER service on Sunday, Goldenthal presented a scene of true rural happiness: parties of friends and relatives assembled in the houses, or sat in the gardens enjoying fruit, honey, milk, and other pastoral luxuries. The village became a favorite place of resort for the respectable people of the town; and even in winter, skating parties would meet at Goldenthal. Under the guidance of Heiter, the schoolmaster, the young choir had attained such proficiency as to be able to sing vocal pieces, such as could seldom be heard even in the neighboring towns. Thus the young people, supplied with innocent and intellectual amusements, and shut out from many temptations, were able to spend their evenings in summer and in winter without feeling anything of that dullness and want of occupation by which many are led into intemperance and other vices.

As may be supposed, there were some who were disposed to mar the good results of Oswald's labors. A number of the village peasants, as they became more wealthy, were tempted to vanity; some of their daughters dressed too gaily; while some of the men indulged in the wine-flask or at the billiard-table. But this conduct aroused the fears of all the well-disposed inhabitants, and, taught by experience, they foresaw in such vanities and indulgences the first tendency to go backward. When fully aware of the evil, there were grave deliberations on the subject; and a species of union was formed of persons who agreed to abide by certain regulations as to dress and manners. This movement had the desired effect, the force of public opinion suppressing the tendencies to vice and disorder. Every year the regulations were read aloud in the church to the congregation, and such additions were made from time to time as seemed necessary. After the reading, the question was put to all, old and young, men, women, and children, in the assembly: "Will you stand by this code of laws, which is the foundation of all our prosperity, happiness, and honor?" And all the people answered with one accord, with a loud voice, that they would. Thus the integrity of the parish was preserved.

And now Oswald was truly happy, for his Elizabeth presented to him a fine healthy son. He went to carry the news to his friend the new host at the *Lion*, who was one of the faithful members of the confederacy. "Friend," said Oswald, "I think I have never yet asked you to bestow a favor upon me; now I must do it. My wife has just given me a son and heir. I cannot leave her, and go to the town; but I require, for a certain purpose, the loan of five hundred guilders—only for eight days."

"Of course I will lend them," said the host of the *Lion*; "but I have not all that in gold."

"Let it be gold if you can," said Oswald; "see what you can do, and bring it to my house to-morrow evening exactly at eight o'clock. But say nothing of it to anybody."

In the same way Oswald called upon every one of the two-and-thirty men who had made the promise to keep the seven rules; to each of them he addressed the same petition, and appointed the same time and place for receiving the money. All these friends met at Oswald's house at the hour of dusk, and were conducted into a chamber almost dark. Oswald went out to fetch candles, and in a few minutes returned, arrayed in a military costume, with star, sword, and leather, just as he

had appeared to them in the same room seven years before. "Have you brought the money, my friend?" said he. "Please to lay it upon the table." One after another stepped forward, and laid his heap of money upon it.

Then Oswald spoke: "Remember, my friends, that now your time of probation has expired: the seven years and seven weeks are gone; and now you have placed more gold upon this table than lay upon it on the night of our engagement. My promise is fulfilled: I have taught you the art of goldmaking. And now abide faithful to God and your own vows; so shall your welfare increase from day to day. Bring up your children by the same rules, and your welfare will descend to them." Many expressions of hearty gratitude broke forth as Oswald ceased speaking. He now returned the money to those who were so willing to lend, assuring them that he did not need it.

"Then what can we do for you to express our thankfulness?" said several at once. "Only tell us, and we are ready to go through fire to serve you, for without you we should have been ruined."

Then Oswald answered: "I thank you for your sincere friendship, but I have no need of assistance of any kind. Thanks to a worthy man, my good father, who gave me a fair education. When a soldier, I found all that I had learned useful, and my knowledge of land-measurement, next to my good conduct, procured for me promotion to the rank of captain of horse. In a skirmish, when the prince was surrounded by foes, I dashed in with my squadron and rescued him. I received for that service this wound on my brow, and the star on my breast, with a good pension for life. The prince has never forgotten me, but, as you have seen, has condescended to visit me here in Goldenthal. When I returned to my native village, and found it in such miserable circumstances, I thought it prudent to disguise my real condition. I soon lost all desire of living in Goldenthal, and should have gone away had I not seen Elizabeth, my dear wife; she kept me in the place. Then I resolved to do my utmost towards improving the place where I chose to dwell. To carry out my plan, I hid my wealth and rank from all except my wife and her parents. And now," he added, "let this discovery of my station in the world make no difference in your intercourse with me; you are my brethren, and the title I shall be proudest of will be to be called your friend!"

Correspondence.

BRIGHAM CITY.

April 25, 1876.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

DEAR BROTHER:—Having a few leisure moments, I thought the time could not be spent in any better way than writing a few lines for the *INSTRUCTOR*. I noticed, in reading an article in the last number, that it is the intention to again publish the history of the Church, which made my heart rejoice. I have never seen the time there has been so much inquiry after the history of Joseph Smith and the Church, as there has been the past winter, and especially among the young men, which I think will be productive of good. I, for one, am satisfied there is no better way for the young to improve their minds than for them to become thoroughly posted in the history of the Church. Every young man, in fact, every person in the Church, ought to be familiar with our history and doctrines, and ought to be prepared to answer any question at any time it might be asked concerning either. If more time were spent by the Latter-day Saints in such

studies, and less in the reading of novels, we would see a great improvement in their intelligence as well as in their morals. It is a disgrace that low works of fiction should be so extensively subscribed for and read by our people, and especially that the young should spend their precious time and means in such a manner, when they are expected to bear off the Kingdom in future years, and should be preparing themselves for it. One thing is certain they will have to prepare themselves for it, if they ever have any part in the reward. I know if we, as young men, just now starting in life, ever intend to reap the promises of the faithful, we will have to sow and cultivate the principles of the gospel within our hearts, and keep the weeds out entirely; for if we allow them to grow in our hearts, the good seed will be choked out, and we will be led to destruction before we are aware of it.

I am sorry to notice the disregard with which the "Word of Wisdom" is treated by many who profess to be Latter-day Saints, I see many of my young brethren, who treat the revelation on the Word of Wisdom with little or no respect. They will almost say that they know more than the Lord does about such matters. Oh! poor ignorant creatures. Consider for a moment before you undertake to judge the Lord! Do you think the Lord ever gave a promise that He would not fulfill? "Who am I," says the Lord, "that promises and does not fulfill?" It would be easier for the heavens and the earth to pass away than one word of the Lord not to be fulfilled," and I consider that the promises that are connected with the Word of Wisdom are great ones.

Yours truly in the gospel,

JOHN C. CHRISTENSEN.

A Trip to Our Antipodes.

BY HUGH KNOUGH.

CHAPTER IX.

THE soil of the Fiji Islands consists of a deep loam, of a yellowish color, with a large portion of decayed vegetable matter, which, aided by a fine climate and abundance of water, is extremely productive. Fruits of various kinds abound, including the bread-fruit—of which there are nine different sorts—the banana, cocoa, shaddock, pawpaw, apple, Tahiti chestnut and a number of other fruits peculiar to those islands. Melons, guava, pine-apples and capsicums also abound; but the chief food of the inhabitants is the yam, of which they have five or six varieties. Sugar cane, tumeric and tobacco are also cultivated by the natives. The islands were once noted for the production of sandalwood, but now it is entirely disappeared.

It would indeed surprise our friends in Utah to observe the quick growth of vegetables in these islands. After the seed of radishes and turnips has been sown twenty-four hours their leaves may be seen above ground. Melons, cucumbers and the like, spring up in three days, and beans and peas in four. Four weeks from the time of planting they are fit for use.

The climate is very agreeable and healthful, the mean temperature being about 75°. Heavy gales occasionally occur and last for two or three days. The coasts abound with fish, some being known only to these seas. Immense crabs crawl from the beach to the mangrove bushes, under whose shade they love to repose. They are ugly customers to get a bite from.

The inhabitants of these islands are a savage and barbarous race, remarkable for cruelty, deceit and their accompanying vice—cowardice. They are very greedy, and so fond of lying that they prefer telling a lie to speaking the truth, even if the truth would further their ends the better.

In build they are tall and slim, and cat-like in their movements, with long faces, large mouths, and eyes black and penetrating. They are of about the same complexion as other South Pacific Islanders.

They delight in cannibalism—the eating of human flesh—and sacrifices of human beings are still common, although missionaries and travelers do all in their power to dissuade them from this fiendish practice. The gratification of cannibalism is not limited to those they capture in battle, or persons of a different tribe, or to satisfy revenge, but for the pure love and relish of the thing; for they will devour with avidity their dearest and nearest friends and relations. And what is most remarkable, as well as disgusting, is the fact that the intended victims are kept for a while before being slaughtered, and fattened up, in the same manner as farmers in Utah do with a turkey or a pig. The operation of preparing their victims is thus described:—They are compelled to sit on the ground with their feet drawn under their thighs, in which position they are tightly bound, then thrust into an oven (built of rocks) and roasted alive. Sometimes they are killed before being roasted.

Shipwrecked people are uniformly eaten, and in fact, these savages will make a meal of anyone—white, black or olive is all the same to them, although they have a preference for the delicate white flesh of the "pakeha," that is the white man. The only case in which the writer knows of any benefit being derived from the use of tobacco, is on being cast upon one of these islands; for the natives have a great dislike to the flesh of persons who use tobacco, either in smoking or chewing. What a horrid thing the use of tobacco must be, for even these human beasts abhor it!

Strange as it may appear, these Fijians excel their neighbors in the useful arts, such as in building large canoes, and the manufacture of native cloth and pottery.

They are ruled by chiefs to whom great deference is paid, and they show politeness to anyone they respect.

The Fijians are idolaters of the worst type, although missionaries from Europe have long labored among them, but have made little impression. Each town has its "imbure," or spirit-house, built on a raised and walled mound, of uncouth proportions, being twice as high as it is broad at its base, with a sharp pointed roof. These temples are presided over by priests called "ambati."

Their towns are built in almost inaccessible places, as before described, and are fortified by strong palisades, and have but two entrances in which are gates, the passage being only wide enough to admit one person at a time. The most important town is Kandyvau the port of call for steamers bound to Australia and California. There is also a direct line of steamers running between this port and New Zealand, and persons from America wishing to go to that country, tranship here. As this place has only been lately been made a port of call, of course, but little has been done in the way of improvements in buildings, trade, etc.; but there is no doubt that ere long Kandyvau will be an important sea-port of the South Pacific. The influence for good of the white people who are constantly calling there is already apparent among the natives. A number of sheep-farmers from Australia and New Zealand have purchased lands on the islands and stocked them with cattle and sheep, and, although they have to keep a sharp lookout for the natives, to protect their own lives and their stock, they feel confident that in course of time this country will be as safe for the white men as Australia or New Zealand.

The population of the Fiji Islands is estimated at about 150,000.

HUMILITY.

WORDS BY C. W. PENROSE.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

School thy feelings, Oh my brother, Train thy warm impulsive soul, Do not its emotions
smother, But let wisdom's voice control. School thy feelings; there is power In the
cool, collected mind; Passion shatters reason's tower, Makes the clearest vision blind.

School thy feelings; condemnation
Never pass on friend or foe,
Though the tide of ACCUSATION
Like a flood of truth may flow.
Hear DEFENSE before deciding,
And a ray of light may gleam,
Showing thee what filth is hiding;
Underneath the shallow stream.

Should affliction's acrid vial
Burst o'er thy unsheltered head,
School thy feelings to the trial,
Half the bitterness hath fled.
Art thou falsely, basely slandered?
Does the world begin to frown?
Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's standard,
Keep thy rising anger down.

Rest thyself on this assurance:
Time's a friend to innocence,
And that patient, calm endurance
Wins respect and aids defense.
Noblest minds have finest feelings,
Quiv'ring strings a breath can move,
And the Gospel's sweet revealings,
Tune them with the key of love.

Hearts so sensitively moulded,
Strongly fortified should be,
Trained to firmness, and enfolded
In a calm tranquility.
Wound not wilfully another,
Conquer haste with reason's might.
School thy feelings, sister, brother,
Train them in the path of right.

MY FRIEND.

THE friend who holds a mirror to my face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
My faults, my smallest blemishes, within;
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin—
Although it seem not so—he is my friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives me praise,
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays
To come with eagerness and grasp my hand,
And pardon me, ere pardon I demand—
He is my enemy, although he seem my friend.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 7 is MAHER SHALAL HASHTAZ. We have received correct solutions from J. H. Watkins, Ogden; Eleanor Hayes, Martha Hayes, Pleasant Grove; Byron H. Allred, Edgar M. Allred, St. Charles; D. H. Lambert, Salt Lake City.

The answer to the Puzzle published in No. 7 is CHAIR. We have received correct solutions from John Walton, Mill Creek; J. H. Watkins, Ogden; Henry V. Ballard, Taylorsville; Eleanor Hayes, Martha Hayes, Pleasant Grove; Joseph

Colledge, Lehi; Lydia L. Allred, Luanna A. Booth, Nancy H. Hunt, St. Charles. also from Chas. J. Brain, D. H. Lambert, Salt Lake City.

THAT every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed; but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

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